

The Games We Play: 2/?

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Category: Reboot

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-06-27 08:00:00

Updated: 2000-06-27 08:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:22:19

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 485

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: This is the second part to my ReBoot fanfic. I hope you all enjoy it, and as usual...review me. ;)

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> <meta name="Generator"> The Games We Play - Part Two

The Games We Play - Part Two

The User went to Enzo's right. Jumping quickly as to see him Enzo caused further pain to his head, and eye.

Zaytan was again in Enzo's sight, possessing the same demonic features as before. Enzo looked at him again

hating his actions and appearance.

By the end of the round Enzo was beginning to slow down, and hope was lost. But things began to look up

as the game's program messed up again. The even greater thing was it caused the User to automatically lose,

giving Enzo a much needed break.

The surrounding words, "GAME OVER" ran through the streets of the dark system. Enzo looked around the

blackness that was hugging to his very body, seeing if he could find AndrAIa. It was hopeless....there was too

much fog through the dark night to see! Frisket soon nudged his hand. "Frisket! Where's AndrAIa?"

Frisket trotted over to a body that was lieing on the ground. AndrAIa.

"No...AndrAIa," whispered Enzo as he leaned down and touched her face. He pulled his hand back quickly. She

was already very cold, and the night air would only prolong her

deadly condition.

Seeing a bench in the park like area they were in, Enzo tried to move AndrAIa's limp body. Being too weak

and tired and having only one eye to see through gave him no chance of moving her. Looking at Frisket he said,

"Help me get her over there." Frisket looked at him in disbelief. Sure, he ~~liked~~ AndrAIa, and would help, but the

only sprites he had ever

helped like this were Dot and Enzo. His family.

Enzo shook his head, frustrated. In a harsh tone Enzo growled, "Frisket....I said.....help me out. Now." Frisket

backed away a bit at the sound of his voice, but decided it was best to help his master.

With Frisket's help Enzo got AndrAIa to the bench safely. Frisket placed AndrAIa on the bench, and stepped

back. Sitting on the bench, Enzo lifted AndrAIa's head and lay it in his lap. When he looked down he saw energy

on his knee, and close to AndrAIa's head. He touched it, and sighed unhappily to find that it was still wet, and

fresh. Gently he turned AndrAIa's head, and to his horror he saw a rather deep wound. He bent down and ripped

off the end of his uniform. Then applied the piece of cloth to the wound, carefully applying pressure.

Enzo was surprised when AndrAIa began to stir, and mumble quietly. "Hmmm...Enzo, what in the Net are

you doing?"

"AndrAIa! You're okay!"

"Of course I am," she looked at the cloth, "It is not that bad, just a small cut.....Where are we? This is not

Mainframe." Enzo looked away sadly.

End Part Two

End
file.